

POCAHONTAS TIMES.

This Paper is Devoted Especially to the Interests of the Farming Class.

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MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1894.

\$1.50 PER ANNUM

Official Directory of Pocahontas County

Judge of Circuit Court, A. N. Campbell.
 Prosecuting Attorney, L. M. McClintic.
 Sheriff, J. C. Arbogast.
 Deputy Sheriff, Robt. K. Burns.
 Clerk of Court, S. L. Brown.
 Clerk of Cir. Court, J. H. Patterson.
 Assessor, C. O. Arbogast.
 Com'rs Co. Ct., (C. E. Beard,
 G. M. Kee,
 Amos Barlow.
 Co. Surveyor, Geo. Baxter.
 Coroner, Geo. P. Moore.

THE COURTS.

Circuit Court convenes on the first Tuesday in April, 3rd Tuesday in June and 5th Tuesday in October.
 County Court convenes on the 1st Tuesday in January, March, October and second Tuesday in July. July is levy term.

N. C. McNEIL,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
 Will practice in the Courts of Pocahontas and adjoining Counties, and in the Court of Appeals of the State of West Virginia.

L. M. McCLINTIC,
 Attorney-at-Law,
 Huntersville, W. Va.
 Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas and adjoining counties and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

H. S. RUCKER,
 Atty.-at-Law & Notary Public,
 Huntersville, W. Va.
 Will practice in the courts of Pocahontas county and in the Supreme court of Appeals.

J. W. ARBUCKLE,
 Attorney-at-Law,
 Lewisburg, W. Va.
 Will practice in the courts of Greenbrier and Pocahontas counties.
 Prompt attention given to claims for collection in Pocahontas county.

W. A. BRATTON,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Marlinton, W. Va.
 Prompt and careful attention given to all legal business.

A. ANDREW PRICE,
 Attorney-at-law,
 MARLINTON, W. VA.
 Will be found at Times Office.

D. R. O. J. CAMPBELL,
 DENTIST,
 Monterey, Va.
 Will visit Pocahontas County, at least twice a year.
 The exact date of his visits will appear in this paper.

D. R. J. H. WEYMOUTH,
 RESIDENT DENTIST,
 Beverly, W. Va.
 Will visit Pocahontas County every Spring and Fall. The exact date of each visit will appear in THE TIMES.

J. M. CUNNINGHAM, M. D.,
 PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
 Office next door to H. A. Yeager's Hotel. Residence opposite Hotel.
 All calls promptly answered.

C. J. ELLIOTT,
 BUILDER.
 Mill-wright & Carpenter.
 Drafts and specifications furnished on application.
 GREEN BANK, W. VA.

J. B. McNEILL,
 AUCTIONEER,
 BUCKEYE, W. VA.
 Four miles below Marlinton. Business of this kind attended to anywhere in the State. Good reference.

C. B. Swecker,
 Gen'l Auctioneer and
 Real-estate Ag't
 I sell Coal, Mineral and Timber land. Farms and Town lots a specialty. 31 years in the business. Correspondence solicited. Reference furnished.
 P. O. — Dunmore, W. Va. or Alexander, W. Va.

FOR DYSPEPSIA
 See Brown's Iron Bitters.
 Physicians recommend it.
 All dealers keep it. \$1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

FOR THE TIMES. Jim Castleberry.

Jim Castleberry was a remarkably unlucky man. All his life he had been victimized by fickle fortune, who had promised him so many things that never were to be realized. He was tall and lank, but a disposition to tell the truth prevents us from saying that there was not an ounce of superfluous flesh about him, for, alas! he had shown all his life that he was a superfluous creature; probably there was not an ounce of him that was not superfluous. Someway or other his sandy hair, his freckled face and sore eyes did not incite faith in him as a reliable character.

A great many are born to be twenty minutes too late to do a good thing or say a wise one, but Jim was very often too "previous," as for instance when he went one morning several hours before the family were up to a neighbor's chicken house to levy on the content, having worked himself up to the belief that contribution was due him from this particular man because he had hired him to help cut hay, and had discharged him when he found him asleep one long afternoon in the shade, never taking into consideration that Jim would be refreshed and benefited by the sleep, and be in better condition for work than ever.

And, too, in recording the misfortunes of the poor man, we must not forget to mention the fact that at an early age he had been gobled by a portly widow with a family of boys. She had probably considered that there was not much choice after all in men, a conclusion that a great many of the lovelier sex of all degrees have come to believe. Don't they say that they are all alike, and that we are all made to torment the poor dears to death.

Well, we mean to say that the widow married him, and for a long time the older boys would take their step-father and holding him on the ground give him a beating until he would bawl for mercy.— Jim was in moral terror for his life and he considered it lucky, no doubt, if he escaped with a few beatings a month. And, too, he was made to feel that he had been greatly elevated by being received as an inmate at his wife's house, which was a log mansion, up what was called "Devil's Hollow."

If his newly acquired relations ever expected to get him to work, they must have been sadly disappointed, as most days of the week Jim came down to Tusseville, the county seat, some three miles from his home, in his greasy clothes, chewing tobacco, and hoping that some of the perpetual stream of toughs from a distance, who come to town to get drunk, would soon be so far gone in their drink as to make it safe for him to approach them for a dram from their bottle. Jim took to whiskey like a hog to buttermilk, and probably he never showed as much shrewdness as when he calculated as to what temperature a given tough should be before he would let him drink from his bottle.

Occasionally it not only rained but poured when some especially facetious fellow, pulling his whiskey would get Jim down on his back and "drench" him with his bottle until he was half choked and burned to death, and would presently fall over and lie so, that a chance bine bottle would hurry up to him in a corpulent way, and be painful.

ly surprised to find that the carcass was not to be touched by a respectable fly.

If the reader knows the manner of man the hero of this sketch was, he will not be surprised to know that the State with a discriminating eye has claimed Jim for her own, and has unburied him and keeps him safely in a place called the penitentiary, especially set apart for a distinguished class selected with great care from among her population. No wonder that he was perfectly innocent of the charge that sent him there, though not deserving a good fate or as kind protection as he receives.

It was this way. There was undoubtedly a great deal of illicit manufacture of rum whiskey in the county, and something had to be done thought the department accountable for these violations. The moonshiners knew it would not be long until a rum was made and that if the department could mash a still or two, and get somebody away, they would get quietly awhile. They removed most of their stores from one place, not so very far back in the woods from Jim Castleberry's home as Devil's Hollow, and one of the gang wrote to the marshal:

Deer sir if you would me \$5 and 50c a day for all the time put in will help you find a still if you come to Tusseville.

Yours affectionately,
 A. D. KEPPLER

As for Jim, he had been given a judicious quantity of drink, and been set to keep the fire burning, and told to shoot anyone that came in sight no matter who he was, having put a blank load in his old gun. Jim had enough to make him brave, and when the officers had nearly entered the still house, Jim jumped up quickly and gave them the blank load from the masket right in their faces. They rushed in, captured Jim, broke up the outfit, the prisoner using his choicest oaths, thinking that some of the devilish boys were playing some prank upon him as usual.

They were not long at the place, as Keppler told them that they might be fired into any minute.— He had come up in a mask being afraid of being identified. Upon his advice the officers kept their prisoner in the woods all day and left the country that night with Jim who was gagged to prevent an outcry.

Jim was safely lodged in a town hundreds of miles away from home and nobody concerned themselves to rescue him, and would not had they known him innocent. In court, his firing upon the officers, and the occupation in which they found him, were put in evidence, which with Jim's peculiar style of beanty made it hard for him, and so his future was secured for some years.

At the present time Mrs. Castleberry is saving money to pay for the divorce that Jim's incarceration makes easy for her. She thinks that with the pecuniary assistance of a certain admirer, she will be able to obtain the divorce at the next term of court.

As for the poor victim of circumstances, he has no clear idea, we may presume, as to how he made himself liable to the damaging charges preferred against him, and his attorney told him that his cock and bull story, which was true, would make his sentence worse if told in court. He does not dislike the life at the institution and when he tells it now to some chum, the dangerous moonshiner imposes secrecy for fear that he would be thrown upon the unfeeling world if the authorities knew it.

THE MOHAMMEDAN PARADISE
 The Mohammedan paradise is a fairy-land. To enter it, the believer must cross seven bridges, at each of which he must answer questions concerning his past life. Having crossed the bridges he is at the entrance. There are thirteen doors. The first act is to take a bath which gives to the body great brilliancy. This abode of delight is built of bricks of gold and silver, held together by a mortar of musk. Four oceans sooth the senses—one of water, one of milk, one of wine. Waves of perfume envelop them, so powerful as to be noticed five hundred days march away. Lastly come the castles of the hours—seventy castles with seventy rooms, containing seventy state beds and seventy tables ready set, and in this castle 1,680,700,000 hours. This to each of the elect. He himself has seventy robes of state. Great Prophet!—Let us all be Turks.—The Critic.

PUDD'N'HEAD WILSON'S WAS COM
 There is no character, however good and fine, but can be destroyed by ridicule, however poor and witless. Observe the ass for instance: his character is about perfect; he is the choicest spirit among the humbler animals, yet we see what ridicule has brought him to.— Instead of feeling complimented when we are called an ass, we are left in doubt.

Tell the truth, or trump—but get the trick.
 Adam was but human—this explains it all. He did not want the apple for the apple's sake; he wanted it only because it was forbidden. The mistake was in not forbidding the serpent; then he would have eaten the serpent.
 Whoever has lived long enough to find out what life really is, knows how deep a debt of gratitude we owe to Adam, the first great benefactor of our race—he brought death into the world.—
 Mark Twain in The Century.

Shameful.
 After the Christmas is over—
 After the blow and the flash,
 The country will still be with Grover,
 But powerful little with cash.—Ex.

The effort to prove that the overthrow of Liliuokalani was a little private enterprise of Minister Stevens, has reached the silly stage.

THE EFFCT.
 "Do you think Cleveland's Hawaiian policy and its failure will hurt him politically?" asked a New York Congressman of a fellow statesman from Mississippi.

"We can tell better afterwards," replied the Spanish moss publicist.

"Now I might tell an anecdote

which expresses my belief about Cleveland's come out in the Queen Lil business. Once when I was a boy about ten years old I was visiting a boy about that age who lived on a neighboring farm. The name of my entertainer was Sprague. It was a dirty, cold, wet day. Just as the Sprague boy and I were picking our way through the mud and mire of the barn yard, old man Sprague came out of the barn leading a four year old colt. The colt was full of high, unbroken life, and seemed to be passing most of its time on its hind legs. Old Sprague wanted to water the colt and his policy was to enthrone himself on its back and ride it down to a neighboring branch.

"Whoa" remarked old Sprague in a tone of fury as he jammed the colt against a strawstack, preparatory to mounting. Old Sprague was a very choleric man, and his bad temper had come near getting him "churched two or three times.

"Getting the colt reasonably on four legs, old Sprague launched himself on the colt's bare back. He didn't tarry there a moment. The colt arched his back until it looked like a hoop, his nose between his fore legs, and then indulged in three stiff legged jumps, which sent old Sprague rolling and tumbling in the mud of the barn yard. I was awed into silence by the spectacle but young Sprague almost burst into tears.

"Did it hurt you, paw?" he asked.
 "Well," replied Sprague picking himself out of the mud hole in which he had lodged, his face red with wrath; "it didn't do me a blamed bit of good."—Washington Post

HOW DO YOU DO, AGAIN?
 There is nothing more appropriate to a thoughtful observer than to see all things work. Labor is the great law of the universe. Nothing was created for idleness, for in nature rest means ruin, in repulsive forms. Hence no creature lives that must not work and may not play. It should be one of the very first lessons enjoined on rich and poor alike that man along with the rest of nature is born to work.

Health cannot breathe the atmosphere of sloth. Not only do our bodily faculties require work, or using for their proper development, but our mental energies share the need of being used. If a part is to develop it must be used; and this is true not merely of a muscle or a nerve but equally so of any moral or mental quality.

The perfect one must be good all around; muscular power, moral rectitude, and special senses should be in good trim, in other words excellent. It is an old adage that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and yet an equally forcible sentiment may be found in the statement that occupation without fatigue is happiness. An idle hour is an hour of irksomeness. Idle persons must be vicious and unhealthy. A philosopher teaches, there is always hope in a man who actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair.

By judicious working the body is preserved in a sound state. It is strengthened by increased appetite and assisted digestion, that renovates and repairs.

"Better to work in fields for health unbought,
 Than fee the doctor for a nap draught.
 The wise for cure on a depend,
 God never made to mend."

THE WISE FOR CURE ON A DEPEND,
 God never made to mend.

